

The Historie of

The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of al our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerfion,
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this, vpon the guid of a doubt.

Hot. A randeous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and mischance looke big
Vpon the maiden head of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and heare of our attempt
Brookes no diuision, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meene dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.

And think, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of question in our cause:
For, wel you know, we of the offering side,
Must keepe aloofe from strid arbitrement,
And stop all sight holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs,
This absence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You straine too far,
I rather of his absence make this vse,
It lends a lustre and more great oppinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must think,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To push against a kingdome, with his helpe,
We shall, or turne it topsie turuy downe,
Yet al goes well, yet al our iointes are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare.

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Henry the

Hot. My coosin Vernon, welc

Ver. Pray God my newes be v
The Earle of Westmerland, se
Is marching hitherwards, with

Hot. No harme what more?

Ver. And further I haue learn
The King himfelfe in person
Or hitherwardes intended spee
With strong and mighty prepa

Hot. He shall be welcome to
The nimble footed madcap, P
And his Cumrades, that daft th
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht, all in Arm
All plumde like Estridges, that
Baited like Eagles hauing latel
Glittering in golden coats like
As ful of spirit as the month o
And gorgeous as the sunne at
Wanton as youthful goates, w
I saw yong Harry with his be
His cushes on his thighes, gal
Rise from the ground like feat
And vaulted with such ease in
As if an anell dropt downe fr
To turne and wind a fiery Peg
And witch the world with no

Hot. No more, no more, wo
This praise doth nourish ague
They com like sacrifices in th
And to the fire-eyd maide of f
All hot and bleeding will we
The mailed Mars shall on his
Vp to the cares in bloud, I am
To heare this rich reprizall is
And yet not ours: Come, let n
Who is to beare me like a thur
Against the bosome of the Pr